"Better?" he asked. This time Gabriel said "Yes."

Just before going downstairs, baggie in hand, Adam stood over us to see what we were doing. He read off the days of the week, pausing before "Thursday," mocking our painstaking. I was helping a man remember the days of the week for a non-existent factory-job.

*

Some nights he went home after cooking one of his special dishes and made Kraft dinner. His special dishes were tacos, pirogies with bacon, chicken fajitas. These were the same dishes he made for his wife, when he had the energy. He'd straighten up the house, and help his wife look for a job, a real one.

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Gladys ran a mail-order business for Lesbians. Not like the Marbles in the movie. I mean she didn't kidnap young hookers, have her valet impregnate them and sell the product to Lesbian couples. She did have a whole catalogue devoted to sex toys made out of plastic that glowed in the dark. I'm sure she never made any money. She knew that my landlady and her mother were Polish Catholics. She thought religious people were kinky, so she asked me to give them a copy of